DARK HORSE COMICS
ALIEN 3™
#1 (of 3)
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ALIEN 3™

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TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX Presents A BRANDYWINE Production SIGOURNEY WEAVER ALIEN 3
CHARLES S. DUTTON CHARLES DANCE and LANCE HENRIKSEN Music by ELLIOT GOLDENTHAL Alien Effects by ALEC GILLIS and TOM WOODRUFF, JR.
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Based on Characters Created by DAN O'BANNON and RONALD SHUSETT Story by VINCENT WARD Screenplay by DAVID GILER & WALTER HILL and LARRY FERGUSON
Produced by GORDON CARROLL, DAVID GILER and WALTER HILL Directed by DAVID FINCHER

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PRINTED IN CANADA.

FIORINA "FURY" 161.
OUTER VEIL MINERAL
ORE REFINERY.
MAXIMUM SECURITY WORK-
CORRECTIONAL FACILITY.
JULY 3, 0600.

FURY 161 – CLASS C PRISON UNIT IRIS – 12037154 – REPORT E.E.V. UNIT 2650 CRASH – ONE SURVIVOR – LT. RIPLEY – B5156170 – DEAD CPL. HICKS – L55321 – UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE – APPROX. 12 YEARS OLD – REQUEST EMERG. EVAC. SOONEST POSSIBLE – AWAIT RESPONSE – SUPT. ANDREWS M51021.

AN E.E.V.'S COME DOWN --GET OUT ON THE BEACH! THERE MAY BE OTHERS!

NOW! MOVE!

TO: FURY 161 – CLASS C – PRISON UNIT – 12037154 – FROM NETWORK COMCON 01500 – WEYLAND YUTANI – MESSAGE RECEIVED.

THERE!

SWEET GOD!
HOW MANY?
DUNNO, MAYBE THREE.

CAN WE HURRY THIS UP, GUYS?

AAAAH!
WHAT?
NOTHING—YOUR DOG SCARED ME. GOT A HOLD OF IT!
SPARKY! SPARKY!

NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT 'EM--
SHE'S SO YOUNG...

ALL RIGHT, LET'S PUT IT TOGETHER. RIGHT? RIGHT. HERE WE GO...
MR. DILLON?
GIVE US STRENGTH, O LORD, TO ENDURE. WE RECOGNIZE THAT WE ARE POOR SINNERS IN THE HANDS OF AN ANGRY GOD.
LET THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN. UNTIL THE DAY, AMEN.
AMEN.
THANK YOU. THIS IS RUMOR CONTROL. THE FACTS: A MODEL 337 E.E.V. CRASHED HERE AT 0600 ON THE MORNING WATCH.
ONE SURVIVOR, TWO DEAD, AND A HOPELESSLY SMASHED DROID. THE SURVIVOR IS A WOMAN.
QUESTIONS?
MR. MORSE.
WE ALL TOOK A VOW OF CELIBACY, AND THAT INCLUDES WOMEN.
I DON'T APPRECIATE COMPANY POLICY ALLOWING HER TO FREELY INTERMINGLE.
WE'RE AWARE OF YOUR FEELINGS. I'VE REQUESTED A RESCUE TEAM. HOPEFULLY, THEY'LL EVAC HER INSIDE OF A WEEK.
MR. CLEMENS, WHAT'S HER MEDICAL STATUS?

DOESN'T SEEM TOO BADLY DAMAGED, UNCONSCIOUS. DIFFICULT AT THE MOMENT TO MAKE A SPECIFIC DIAGNOSIS.
WILL SHE LIVE?
YES, I SHOULD THINK SO.
IT'S IN EVERYONE'S BEST INTERESTS IF THE WOMAN DOESN'T COME OUT OF THE INFIRMARY 'TIL THE RESCUE TEAM ARRIVES.
SO WE SHOULD ALL STICK TO OUR SET ROUTINES AND NOT GET UNDULY AGITATED. CORRECT? ALL RIGHT.
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN.
WHAT'S THAT?
HMMM? OH, A LIGHT COCKTAIL OF MY OWN MIX, SORT OF AN EYE-OPENER.
ARE YOU A DOCTOR?
ONLY A 3-C RATING. BUT I'M THE BEST YOU'LL FIND AROUND HERE. I REALLY SHOULD SHAVE YOUR HEAD.
LICE. BIG PROBLEM, I'M AFRAID. YOUR PRIVATE PARTS CAN WAIT 'TIL YOU CAN HANDLE A RAZOR YOURSELF.
I'M CLEMENS, BY THE WAY, THE MEDICAL OFFICER HERE...

WHERE'S HERE?
FURY 161, A WEYLAND-YUTANI BACKWATER WORK PRISON.
YOU CRASHED IN AN E.E.V., EVIDENTLY SEPARATED FROM YOUR MOTHER-SHIP BEFORE YOU HIT OUR ATMOS-PHERE.

I'VE NO IDEA HOW LONG YOU WERE IN HYPERSPACE. COMING DOWN THE WAY YOU DID CAN BE A JOLT TO YOUR SYSTEM.
AND I'D BE SICK FOR TWO WEEKS IF I DECOMPRESSED TOO FAST, RIGHT?
YES. QUITE NAUSEOUS.
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

I'M AFRAID THEY DIDN'T MAKE IT.
WHAT?

THEY DIDN'T SURVIVE.
I--
--I HAVE TO GET TO THE SHIP.
YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION FOR THAT.

YOU WANT TO GET ME SOME CLOTHES, OR SHOULD I GO LIKE THIS?

GIVEN THE NATURE OF OUR INDIGENOUS POPULATION, I WOULD SUGGEST CLOTHES. NONE OF THEM HAS SEEN A WOMAN IN YEARS.

NEITHER HAVE I, FOR THAT MATTER ...

THERE USED TO BE A THOUSAND CONVICTS HERE. IT'S A 25-MAN CUSTODIAL STAFF NOW. THEY KEEP THE PLACE ON PILOT LIGHT--
PILOT LIGHT FOR *WHAT?*
MMM. ANY *WOMEN* HERE?
TOXIC DUMP. PRISONERS USED TO MAKE LEAD SHEETS TO SEAL OFF THE SHAFTS...
THIS IS A DOUBLE-Y CHROMOSOME FACILITY, LT. RIPLEY. STRICTLY MALE.

HOW COME YOU KNOW MY *NAME?*
IT'S STENCILED ON YOUR SHORTS. WE ALSO FOUND YOUR DOG TAGS.
GREAT.

WHERE ARE THE BODIES?
OUR MORGUE, UNTIL THE INVESTIGATIVE TEAM ARRIVES, PROBABLY A WEEK.
THERE WAS AN ANDROID ...
DISCONNECTED. IT WAS ALL OVER THE PLACE, WHAT'S LEFT WAS THROWN IN THE TRASH.
A SUPPORT BEAM IMPALED THE CORPORAL--
DROWNED IN HER CRYOTUBE. I DON'T THINK SHE WAS CONSCIOUS WHEN IT HAPPENED. I'M SORRY.
WHERE IS SHE?
WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL?
I TOLD YOU, THE MORGUE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WHAT'S LEFT? THE BODY'S INTACT.
I WANT TO SEE IT! I HAVE TO MAKE SURE HOW SHE DIED!
I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF HER BODY!

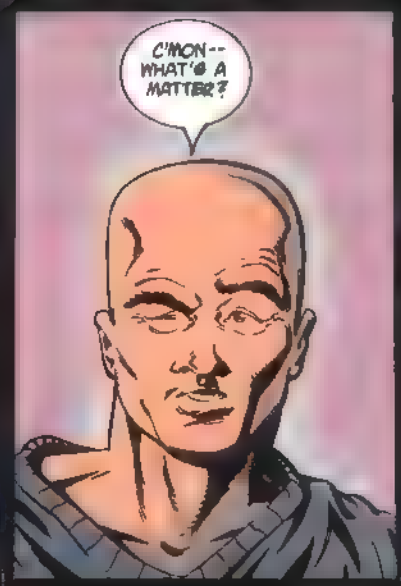
WAS SHE YOUR DAUGHTER?
NO. SHE WASN'T MY DAUGHTER. GIVE ME A MOMENT.
LISTEN, I THINK YOU'RE DISORIENTED. HALF YOUR SYSTEM'S IN CRYO-SLEEP.
WE NEED AN AUTOPSY. I WANT YOU TO CUT HER OPEN
LOOK, I HAVE A VERY GOOD REASON FOR ASKING THIS AND I WANT YOU TO DO IT.
CHOLERA.
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. THERE HASN'T BEEN A CASE REPORTED IN 200 YEARS.
AS YOU WISH.

NOTHING UNUSUAL. NO SIGN OF CONTAGION. LUNGS FILLED WITH FLUID... ERGO, SHE DROWNED. SATISFIED?
SINCE I'M NOT ENTIRELY STUPID, WANT TO TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE REALLY LOOKING FOR?
WHAT'S GOING ON, MR. CLEMENS?!
SUPERINTENDENT, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE MET LT. RIPLEY.
THE SUPERINTENDENT ASKED YOU A QUESTION.
FIRST, LT. RIPLEY IS MUCH BETTER. SECOND, IN THE INTEREST OF PUBLIC HEALTH, I'M CONDUCTING AN AUTOPSY.
WITHOUT MY AUTHORITY?
THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE TIME, BUT THE BODY SHOWED NO SIGN OF DISEASE.
GOOD. BUT IT MIGHT BE HELPFUL IF LT. RIPLEY DIDN'T PARADE AROUND IN FRONT OF THE PRISONERS.
ALSO, KEEP ME INFORMED OF CHANGES IN HER PHYSICAL STATUS. OR WOULD THAT BE ASKING TOO MUCH?
WE HAVE TO CREMATE THE BODIES.
NONSENSE. THEY'LL BE KEPT ON ICE UNTIL A RESCUE TEAM ARRIVES.
CREMATE. THAT'S A GOOD ONE, SIR.

THERE'S THE PUBLIC HEALTH ISSUE.
MR. CLEMENS, I THOUGHT YOU SAID THERE WAS NO SIGN OF DISEASE.
WITHOUT PROPER LAB TESTS, IT'S IMPOSS.BLE TO BE CERTAIN.
I THINK IT WOULD BE UNWISE TO TOLERATE EVEN THE POSSIBILITY OF AN UNWANTED VIRUS.
AN OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA WOULD LOOK VERY BAD ON YOUR REPORT, WOULDN'T IT?
WE HAVE 25 PRISONERS IN THIS FACILITY. ALL DOUBLE-Y CHROMOS.
THIEVES, RAPISTS, MURDERERS, FORGERS, CHILD MOLESTERS. SCUM.
SCUM THAT HAVE TAKEN ON RELIGION, WHICH DOESN'T MAKE THEM LESS DANGEROUS.
SO I TRY NOT TO OFFEND THEIR CONVICTIONS. I DON'T WANT TO DISTURB THE ORDER.
AND I DON'T WANT A WOMAN WALKING AROUND, GIVING THEM IDEAS...
YES, OBVIOUSLY FOR MY OWN PERSONAL SAFETY.
EXACTLY.
I LEAVE THE DETAILS OF THE CREMATION TO YOU, MR. CLEMENS.

AROOOO

WHAT'S A MATTER, BOY?


C'MON-- WHAT'S A MATTER?

JESUS-- WHAT'D YOU STICK YOUR FACE INTO? SOMEBODY DO THIS TO YOU?

GOOD DOG.

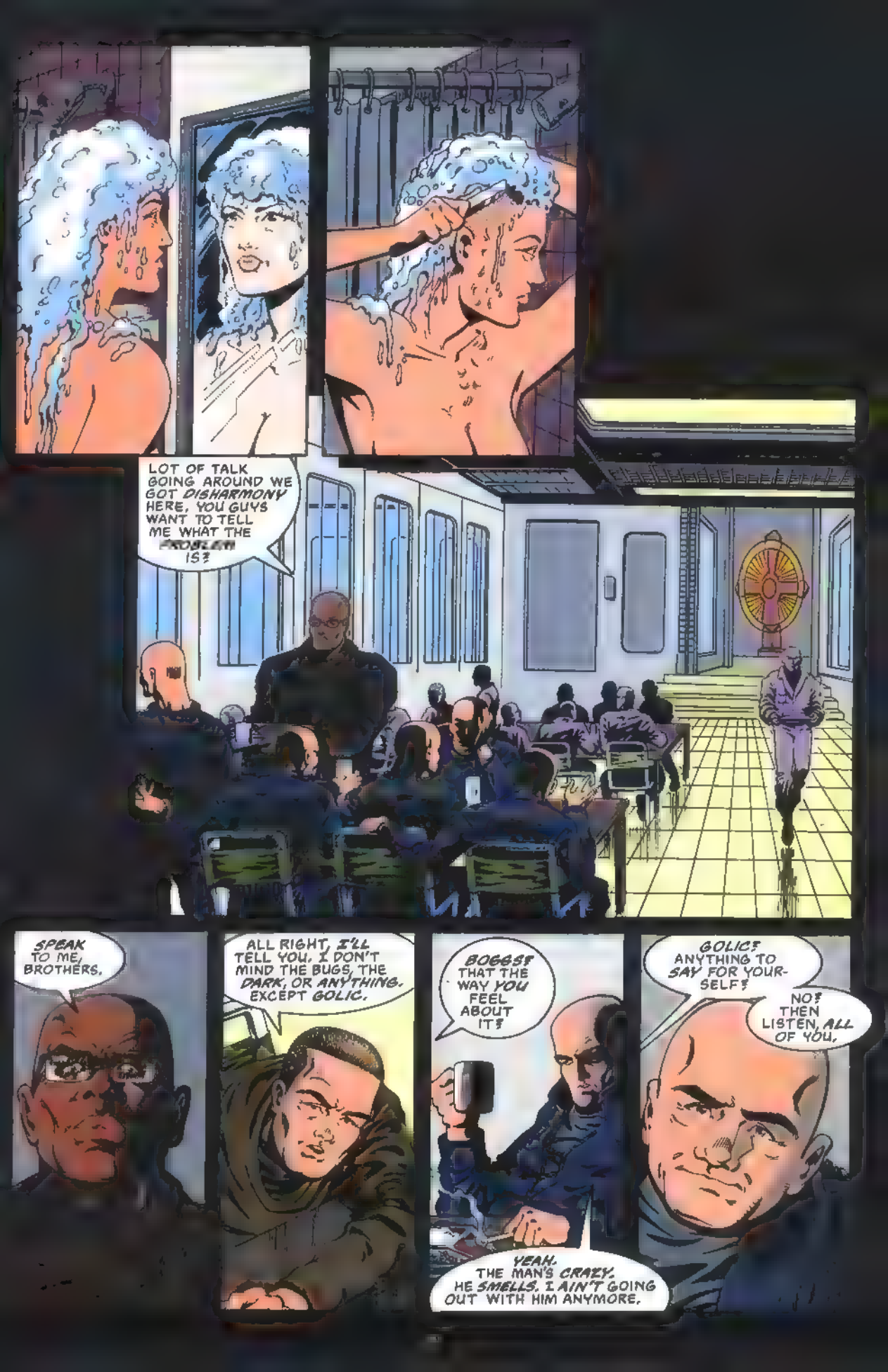
GOOD DOG.

AARRR

ARROOO

"WE COMMIT THIS CHILD AND THIS MAN TO YOUR KEEPING, O LORD.
"THEIR BODIES HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM THE SHADOWS OF OUR NIGHTS.
"THEY HAVE BEEN RELEASED FROM ALL DARKNESS AND PAIN.
"THE CHILD AND THE MAN HAVE GONE BEYOND OUR WORLD.
"THEY ARE FOR-EVER ETERNAL AND EVERLASTING..."

WE WHO SUFFER ASK THE QUESTION: WHY? WHY ARE THE INNOCENT PUNISHED?
WHY THE SACRIFICE? WHY THE PAIN?
THERE ARE NO PROMISES. THERE IS NO CERTAINTY.
"ONLY THAT SOME WILL BE CALLED.
"ONLY THAT SOME WILL BE SAVED.
"BUT THAT SMALL SPIRIT WILL NEVER KNOW THE HARDSHIPS...
"...THE GRIEF AND PAIN WHICH LIE AHEAD FOR THOSE OF US WHO REMAIN...
"SO WE COMMIT HER BODY TO THE VOID WITH A GLAD HEART...
"FOR WITHIN EACH SEED THERE IS THE PROMISE OF A FLOWER...
"...AND WITHIN EACH DEATH, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, THERE IS ALWAYS A NEW LIFE.
"A NEW BEGINNING."
YUK.
LICE.

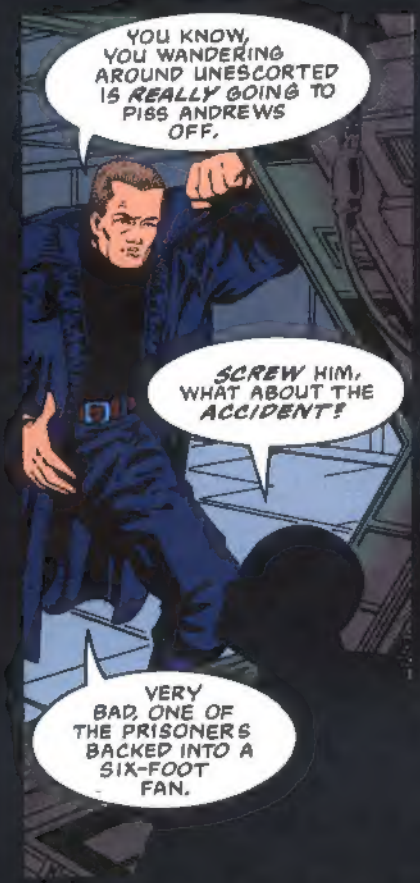

LOT OF TALK GOING AROUND WE GOT DISHARMONY HERE, YOU GUYS WANT TO TELL ME WHAT THE PROBLEM IS?
SPEAK TO ME, BROTHERS.
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU. I DON'T MIND THE BUGS, THE DARK, OR ANYTHING. EXCEPT GOLIC.
BOGGS? THAT THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT?
YEAH. THE MAN'S CRAZY. HE SMELLS. I AIN'T GOING OUT WITH HIM ANYMORE.
GOLIC? ANYTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
NO? THEN LISTEN, ALL OF YOU.

HE'S GOING WITH YOU. GOLIC IS JUST ANOTHER POOR, MISERABLE, SUFFERING SON OF A BITCH LIKE YOU AND ME.
EXCEPT HE SMELLS WORSE.
AND HE'S CRAZY.
YOU ARE TO DO THIS TO PROVE YOUR LOYALTY TO ME.
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD ABOUT GOL--
THANKS FOR YOUR WORDS AT THE FUNERAL. THEY HELPED...
YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE. YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW ME.
I'M A MURDERER AND A RAPIST. OF WOMEN.
REALLY? I GUESS I MUST MAKE YOU NERVOUS.

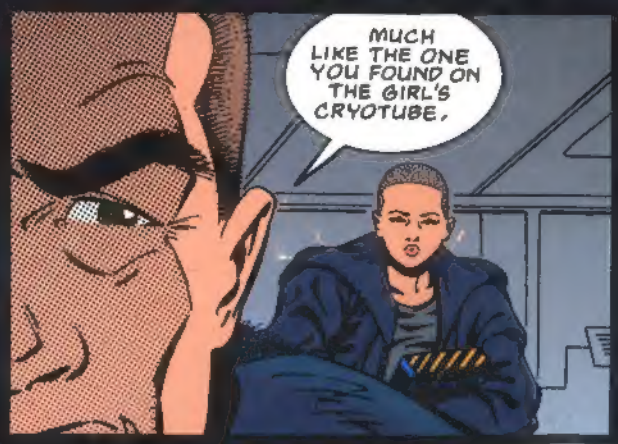
DO YOU HAVE FAITH, SISTER?
NOT A LOT.
THOUGHT WOMEN WEREN'T ALLOWED.
WE GOT LOTS OF FAITH HERE. EVEN ENOUGH FOR YOU.
NEVER HAD ANY BEFORE. BUT WE TOLERATE ANYONE, EVEN THE INTOLERABLE.
THANKS LOADS.
JUST A STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLE, NOTHING PERSONAL. WE GOT A GOOD PLACE TO WAIT. NO TEMPTATION.
GOD WILL RETURN AND RAISE HIS SERVANTS TO REDEMPTION.
...DILLON AND HIS CREW GOT RELIGION, SO TO SPEAK, ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO. SOME SORT OF MILLENARIAN APOCALYPTIC FUNDAMENTALIST BREW...
COMPANY CLOSED THE PLACE DOWN. DILLON'S CREW STAYED AS CUSTODIANS. WITH TWO MINDERS AND A MED OFFICER.
HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR HAIRCUT?
WEIRD.

I SEE A ♪ RED DOOR AND I WANT IT PAINTED ♪ BLACK ♪
HMM?
WHAT THE HELL--?
I'VE GONE OUT ON A LIMB FOR YOU WITH ANDREWS, I'VE BROUGHT YOU UP TO SPEED ON FURY 161.
HOW ABOUT TELLING ME WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR IN THE GIRL? WHY CREMATE THE BODIES?
ONE DAMN BIG SNAKE.
ARE YOU ATTRACTED TO ME? I'VE BEEN OUT HERE FOR A LONG TIME.
SPIZZZZ
YES...
...SO HAVE I...
ARRGH!

SORRY I CAN'T OFFER YOU A DRINK, BUT YOU ARE ON MEDICATION.
I REALLY DO HAVE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS...
IT'S OVER. I HAD A BAD DREAM. I JUST HAD TO BE SURE WHAT KILLED HER... I MADE A MISTAKE.
SO...WHY IS THERE A BAR CODE PRINTED ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD?
BZZZZZ
CLEMENS! REPORT TO VENT-SHAFT 17, SECOND QUADRANT, A.S.A.P. WE'VE HAD AN ACCIDENT.
DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS. A SUDDEN RUSH OF AIR, I WOULD IMAGINE, EXCEPT...
ALMOST GOT SUCKED IN MYSELF ONCE. I ALWAYS SAY WATCH OUT FOR THE FANS, BUT NOBODY LISTENS...
...EXCEPT THE FAN WAS BLOWING OUT.
FLIGHT RECORDER'S STILL HERE.


YOU KNOW, YOU WANDERING AROUND UNESCORTED IS REALLY GOING TO PISS ANDREWS OFF.
SCREW HIM, WHAT ABOUT THE ACCIDENT!
VERY BAD. ONE OF THE PRISONERS BACKED INTO A SIX-FOOT FAN.

I FOUND SOMETHING AT THE ACCIDENT SITE. A MARK, A BURN...


MUCH LIKE THE ONE YOU FOUND ON THE GIRL'S CRYOTUBE.

I'M ON YOUR SIDE. I WANT TO HELP, BUT I NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, OR WHAT YOU THINK IS GOING ON.
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED. WHY WE CAME DOWN.
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO HELP, FIND ME A COMPUTER THAT CAN ACCESS THIS FLIGHT RECORDER.

NOTHING LIKE THAT HERE, I'M AFRAID.
WHERE'S BISHOP? THE DROID THAT CRASHED WITH ME?
I'LL POINT YOU IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T JOIN YOU. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT.

HOW MANY?
THIS MAKES A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX.
CAN'T YOU WORK QUIETLY? I CAN'T THINK WITH ALL THE GODDAMNED NOISE YOU'RE MAKING.
THEY'RE GOING OUT! WHAT THE SHIT'S DOING THAT?
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SWEAR!
SHUT UP. SHIT'S NOT SWEARING. IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH GOD.
MUST BE A WIND FROM ONE OF THE VENTSHAFTS, SOMEBODY'LL HAVE TO GO RELIGHT 'EM...
I GUESS I'M NOMINATED...
HOLY...
WATCH YOUR STEP.
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
HOLY SHIT!
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SWEAR!
RAINS!
A CIRCLE ...WE RAN IN A CIRCLE...
WHAT THE HELL COULD HAVE—?

NO NO
NO NO
NO NO
YAAAA-AAAAA